A U M

Every period of soul is measured by time. The period of other souls indeed is measured by a certain time; but that of the first soul, since it is measured by time, is measured by the whole of time.—**Proklos' Elements of Theology.**

Time, like a seven-wheeled, seven-naved car, moves on; His rolling wheels are all the worlds, His axle is immortality.—**Atharva Veda.**

The moving finger writes, and having writ,
Moves on, nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.—**The Rubayat.**

THEOSOPHY

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SOME UNAVOIDABLE DEDUCTIONS

THE third letter and message of H. P. Blavatsky to the American Theosophists, dated April, 1890, was reprinted in the February number of this magazine, and was written by Her about a year before her departure.

The first paragraph speaks of the marked progress made by the Movement during the preceding year, and that while it was encouraging, it was also a reminder that the time of harvest was rapidly approaching, soon to be followed by the winter with storms and tempests.

She pointed to how much had been accomplished by the power of union and unselfish devotion to work, and it is well for us to consider what the power and force was that kept the Theosophical Society together and made united work possible. It was just one thing—*recognition of, and loyalty to the Teacher.* It should never be forgotten that *She was and is the Teacher.* Had this been remembered, with all that such remembrance implies, the years since Her departure would have a united body of theosophists before the world, and an increase in power and knowledge in that body, individually and collectively, which would have served to direct the thought of Western peoples into right channels, and avoided many disasters.

It is interesting to note that in this letter H. P. B. referred to the coming into the Society in its fifteenth year of Annie Besant and Herbert Burrows; in regard to them She said, "They fill to

some extent the long and sorely-felt need of speakers who could place Theosophy in its true light before large audiences," thus defining their position as learners and workers.

We learn from our mistakes and failures, and it is never too late to mend. Every theosophist as such, or as member of any organization knows and feels the lack of true unity among theosophists the world over. The remedy is in their hands. In recognizing H. P. B. in the fullest sense as the Teacher and Guide, they recognize and put themselves in touch with all that lay and lies behind that great Personage.

The following quotations from the letter speak for themselves:

"A large part of these results is due to the added strength, and, above all, the increased spirit of solidarity, which the organization of the Esoteric Section has infused into the T. S. To the members of that Section I say: See and realize what great results can be achieved by those who are really in earnest and unite unselfishly to work for humanity. Let this year's outcome show you in unmistakable signs the weighty responsibility that rests upon you, not only towards the Society, but towards the whole of Humanity. Therefore do not for one moment relax in your efforts; press closer shoulder to shoulder, every day; stand together as one man, come what may, fine weather or storm, and the victory of the cause to which you have pledged yourselves is certain. Striving thus in unison with your Higher Self, your efforts must and will be fruitful of good to the Society, to yourselves, to Humanity. Coming years will show a steady, healthy growth, a strong, united organization, a durable, reliable and efficient instrument ready to the Master's hands. *Once united in real solidarity, in the true spirit of Universal Brotherhood, no power can overthrow you, no barrier check the advance of Theosophy in the coming century.* * * * Let us make all feel that there is power behind the Society which will give us the strength we need, which will enable us to move the world, if we will but UNITE and WORK as one mind, one heart."

"As the preparation for the new cycle proceeds, as the forerunners of the new sub-race make their appearance on the American Continent, the latent psychic and occult powers in man are beginning to germinate and grow. Hence the rapid growths of such movements as Christian Science, Mind Cure, Metaphysical Healing, Spiritual Healing, and so forth. All these movements represent nothing but different phases of the exercise of these growing powers —as yet not understood and therefore but too often ignorantly misused. Understand once for all that there is nothing 'spiritual' or 'divine' in *any* of these manifestations. The cures effected by them are due simply to the unconscious exercise of occult power on the *lower* planes of nature—usually of *prana* or life currents. The conflicting theories of all these schools are based on misunderstood and misapplied metaphysics, often on grotesquely absurd logical fallacies. But the one feature common to most of them,

a feature which presents the most danger in the near future is this. In nearly every case, the tenor of the teachings of these schools is such as to lead people to regard the healing process as being applied to the mind of the patient. Here lies the danger, for any such process—however cunningly disguised in words and hidden by false noses—is simply to psychologise the patient. In other words, whenever the healer interferes—consciously or unconsciously—with the free mental action of the person he treats, it is—Black Magic. Already these so-called sciences of "Healing" are being used to gain a livelihood. Soon some sharp person will find out that by the same process the minds of others can be influenced in many directions, and the selfish motive of personal gain and money-getting having once been allowed to creep in, the one time 'healer' may be insensibly lead on to use his power to acquire wealth or some other object of his desire. This is one of the dangers of the new cycle aggravated enormously by the pressure of competition and the struggle for existence. * * * The Ethics of Theosophy are more important than any divulgement of psychic laws and facts. The latter relate wholly to the material and evanescent part of the septenary man, but the Ethics sink into and take hold of the real man—the reincarnating Ego. We are outwardly creatures of but a day; within we are eternal. Learn then well the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, and teach, practice, promulgate that system of life and thought which alone can save the coming races. Do not work merely for the Theosophical Society, but *through* it for Humanity."

"SHE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH"

THE VOCATION OF LIFE

IF there is actually a plan, a vocation in human life it is surely worth our while to discover what it is. If nature is working onward toward some definite design in the affairs of men we could hardly employ our time to better purpose than in an effort to understand it. For in a matter of this kind we may as well face with courage whatever facts are visible. And the most visible of all facts is the disquieting certainty that human life, as we usually understand that term, is a matter of a few years at most, and that it may be terminated at any moment by one of those "accidents" that threaten us at every stage of our existence. And we may as well face the other and even more disturbing fact that we are devoting the whole of our energies and all the mental force of which we are capable to ministering to that part of ourselves, our bodies and our appetites, that cannot last for very long and that may flicker into darkness at any moment. The business expert wages incessant war against a misuse, a misdirection, or a waste, of energy,

but to dissipate force in the moral world must be a far more serious matter.

It is of course open to any man to say that human life is no more than it seems to be—a hideous and cruel chaos in which victory is always given to the sharpest teeth and the longest claws. Thoughts are free—if such opinions can indeed be called thoughts at all. But this is a matter so grave that it would be rash to jump to hasty conclusions even in an effort to justify those of our actions that we know in our hearts to be wrong. For if nature is actually proceeding to some sort of a goal, if she is actually moving onward toward some sort of a destination and with a will to reach that goal and destination then we may reasonably suppose that her momentum is considerable and her force an irresistible one. A theory is a poor protection against an avalanche, and if nature's laws actually extend into the moral world we may suppose that they are just as inflexible as in her physical domain. They may work more slowly. It may be more difficult to perceive their operation. But if they do indeed exist it would be well to obey them, for there can be no immunity for their violation. Sooner or later a corresponding penalty must be exacted.

And would it not seem strange if there were no such thing as a natural law in the moral world seeing that there is law everywhere else? Would it not be strange if there were no orderly progression in human consciousness seeing that there is orderly progression everywhere else? However materialistic our science may be it has never yet failed to discover a regularity in evolution. It has never yet announced to us a discovery of chaos. From the grain of sand to the solar system there is nowhere a sign of accident or confusion. The elements of the chemist fall infallibly into their groups according to fixed arithmetical laws. The orbits of the planets around the sun are governed by rules of proportion. Wherever there is movement in nature there we find an unfailing periodicity and advance whose orderliness implies a plan, a model, a destination, and therefore a will. Even in human affairs we see something of the same regularity. History shows us that empire has followed empire and kingdom has succeeded kingdom. One after another they have risen, culminated, fallen. One after another they have been brought face to face with the great problems that confront us once more today. He must indeed be blind who persists in regarding the history of humanity as divided into water-tight compartments, or as unrelated by a common law that destroys in order that it may re-create, that decrees the calamity of national failure only that it may invite new aspirations and renewed efforts. Is it a superstition that would detect in this unfailing orderliness some plan, some intended destination? Is there anything unworthy in the effort to relate that plan to individual human life, and to detect in it a call to conduct that shall be consonant with it? Is it possible to do otherwise, or to believe that in the unfathomable spaces of nature it is only the human mind and heart that are excluded from the reign of law and intention, that a divine will

governs all else save these? And may we not say that such an effort to discover the divine will is the most practical business to which any man can devote himself, that of all life's vocations it is the most useful, the most emergent? Since the whole universe is obviously moving and in an orderly and progressive way we may assume that it is also purposive, just as we should assume the presence of a purposive intelligence on a ship with all sails set that kept a straight and undeviating course. And we can hardly suppose that the universe, from grains of sand to solar systems, is orderly, progressive, and purposive, and that man alone is outside the range of law that is dominant everywhere else even to the outermost boundaries of space.

But let us be sure that we have at least an approximately correct idea of our own nature, in other words that we can discriminate between those parts of ourselves that are transitory and those parts that are permanent. We know that the body is transitory and that it is completely changed many times over before the final dispersion of its atoms at death. And in the fact that the body is changed over and over again we find the best possible proof that man himself is something other than the body, that he is in fact a permanent something that is making use of a transitory something for a definite purpose. For there must be some force in the body that caused its atoms to assemble in a particular shape and not in some other shape, or without a shape, some force that constantly renews those atoms, that compels them to cohere, to cooperate with each other, and that finally relaxes its hold and allows them to disperse. The materialistic theory that man is merely a piece of physical mechanism like a clock, and that, like a clock, it will work until it runs down will hardly pass muster unless we are to suppose some new kind of a clock that will change the atoms of which it is composed and do its own repairs without external aid. Man may therefore be described as a consciousness that inhabits a body, and since there are many analogies between the human body and all other aggregations and groupings of matter in the universe we may assume that there is a consciousness everywhere that causes these aggregations and groupings, that allows all bodies entirely to change their atomic composition over and over again while compelling them to maintain their shapes and their orderly movements. And when this has once been understood it becomes easy to take another step forward and to recognize that the one reality of the universe is consciousness, and that the eternal fluxes and changes of matter are actually caused by some orderly advance in the consciousness underlying matter. And so at last we understand that man himself is a part of the consciousness of the universe, that the matter of his body, however highly organized, is performing the same functions as all other matter in the universe; that all matter everywhere is aggregated, assembled, and dispersed, by consciousness, which thus passes from form to form on its way upward toward self-expression. Let us put the matter still more simply by saying that consciousness and matter are the two poles of manifested existence, that consciousness

eternally reincarnates itself, and that this is the method of its advance toward its goal. And yet there are those who identify what they are fatuously pleased to call the "practical affairs of life" with an unceasing devotion to the momentary needs of a transient body and its usually illegitimate demands while they utterly neglect the demands of a consciousness which has existed from the beginning of time, which has inhabited a thousand bodies, and which can never be touched either by change or by death while time lasts. Children building sand castles on the shore are somewhat more attentive than this to the "practical affairs of life."

The vocation of life becomes then unmistakeable. Those who have no recognition of the tremendous significance of living will continue, as before, to concentrate their energies upon the things that do not matter, and upon those violations of the moral law that alone are the cause of all the sorrows and disquietudes of the world. And violations of the moral law do not necessarily mean statutory crimes or even those other offenses of which human law takes no note. They mean every deviation from evolutionary intention, every departure from the natural plan of which a developed conscience gives us the outline and the indication. Just as a straight line is the shortest distance between two points so the human mind is either on the path, or off the path, to its destination. And as the activity of the mind is thought—and there can be no action without a precedent thought—it is by thought that we either conform ourselves with the moral law or defy it. Man is a thinking being. His actions are no more than the concretion of his thought. It is by thought that he becomes either a saint or a sinner, an angel or a demon.

The true vocation of life demands that we think aright, that we regulate our thoughts in accordance with philosophy and not in accordance with whim, or with the deceits suggested by the body and its hungers. Having discovered some kind of a law of life let us compel ourselves to obey it. Having recognized that nature intends to develop in us some kind of consciousness of which we now get only such glimpses as those furnished by genius and by the great teachers and saviors of the race let us regulate our lives to that end and to no other, no matter how loudly our inheritance from the lower kingdoms of nature may clamor for attention. Necessarily it is a hard task to drill our minds into new habits of thinking, seeing that the old habits have polarized them downward instead of upward. Those habits, persisted in during many earth lives, have at last produced an automatic action that must be overcome and a fresh automatism created. However difficult, it must be done. We can do it now of our own freewill, or we can wait until nature scourges us to the attempt, and every sorrow that has ever overtaken us, every grief, and every disappointment, were no more than nature's reminders that we were off the path.

Suppose we were henceforth to regard ourselves as immortal beings, spiritual consciousnesses, of which our human minds are reflections, and which can never die or even for a single instant be-

come unconsciousness. Suppose we were to demand of every thought either that it conform itself to that conception or disappear. That would be one of the vocations of life, that would be the shaping of the course and the setting of the helm toward the destination.

Certainly it would produce something like a revolution in our lives. It would be a new standard of values for all our experiences. It would mean the disappearance of every petty ambition, the destruction of greeds and vanities, the death of fear. If our consciousness is a drop from the ocean of the world consciousness there must come, with such a realisation, an end to the love of self, for there could be no self interest that was not the interest of all. But a mere intellectual acceptance of such a philosophy is not enough. Even the devils in hell believe. It must be the kind of acceptance that translates itself into a habit of thought. Every thought and therefore every action must conform to it.

Suppose further that we were to look upon ourselves as evolving beings, whose progress in the past has been through countless physical forms, all those stages of progress, all those earth lives, being knit together by a chain of law, the law of cause and effect. It may be objected that we have no memory of those past lives, and the question of memory may be left for future consideration, while suggesting in passing that the character with which we were born was actually a sort of spiritual memory of past experiences. Now here we should have another aspect of the great vocation of life, for with such a realization we could never again think or act as we have been thinking and acting in the past. We should be facing a law that would give a new dignity to life, that would fill us with an infinite compassion—and what is the power of compassion but nature's assertion of the unity of all life?—and that would give us the patience and the equanimity that must always follow a recognition of absolute and unswerving justice. Then we should see plainly that we are indeed masters of our fate, that there is no power in nature to make us afraid, that the arbiters of fate and fortune are ourselves.

It was once said by a master of Theosophy that those who live the life shall know of the doctrine. None others. Only the mind attuned to the great law of nature can know its secrets or hear its voice. If our lives are eternal, then let us live as immortal beings, putting away from ourselves all those things that are transient, allowing no thought to enter the mind unless it can give the password of truth and purity. If all human beings are sparks from the same spiritual sun then let us see to it that we do not separate ourselves from others by selfish thoughts and deeds, for that would be to defy the law and to suffer. If there is eternal justice under an eternal rule of order, of regularity, of progress, of purpose, then let us see to it that we do not outrage that law by fear. And as we clarify our minds by thinking eternal thoughts so we shall hear ever more and more clearly the true vocation of life.

PERSONALITIES

STEP aside, O toiling brother, into a convenient by-way, and for a moment let the surging crowd pass by. Do not tremble like a child for fear that you may be hopelessly left behind, for you will be forced back all too soon, though if you really pause, and truly ponder, you will never again be so completely identified with the pursuits of the crowd, though you will still be a part of it. Ask of your soul: "What are these personalities that make up the mighty human tide so widely rushing past—this rushing tide replenished at every instant by birth, depleted at every instant by death, yet flowing on forever?" How read you this journey from the cradle to the grave?

Think of the countless myriads whose weary, toiling, bleeding feet have worn deep the channels of this river of time. Listen to the complaints of the weary, the cries of the wounded, the groans of the despairing. Watch with pity the ashen faces as they hear the sound of the cataract ahead, over which they know they must plunge alone into unknown depths. Many are resigned in the presence of fate, for there is true courage at the heart of humanity, but how few are joyous except through ignorance and forgetfulness, and these are the frightened ones in the presence of the inevitable.

Listen to the loud acclaims, when in the rushing stream one is for a moment borne aloft on the crest of a wave, and watch the envy, and even malice of those who are inevitably drawn into the hollow of the wave, as they also struggle to reach the crest. Alas! the waves of Wealth, and Fame, and Power; Alas! the bubbling foam of Love. The night cometh, and the stream is still; yet even in the arms of the Brother of Death the echoes of these mighty waves chant their requiem.

Listen a little deeper. O brother of my soul, and hear the sound of many voices: "What shall I eat? What shall I drink? and wherewithal shall I be clothed?" and then Alas! "O whither do I tend?"

And still the surging tide rolls on. A friend is passing yonder; hail him, and beckon him to thy side. He answers: "I cannot wait; I have not time," Alas! what hath he else but Time, and the foam of the maddening billows?

Turn now to thy companion, he who bade thee turn aside. Canst thou stop to consider, "Is he short, or tall, or fat, or lean, or black, or white, or man, or woman?" "Are his garments soiled, or clean?" "Comes he from the East, or from the West?" "Hath he letters of introduction?" "On whose authority did he bid thee halt?" "Did he speak in conventional language, and with the proper accent?" "Has his raiment the odor of the sea, or the breath of the mountain, or the fragrance of the flowery vale?"

Be sure it is not thy awakened soul that thus inquires, 'tis only

the voices of the stream yonder, and when thou turnest to look for thy companion, lo! he is gone, and thou art alone, alone with thy soul, and with the echoes of the stream. Fear chills thy blood, and every separate hair stands on end, and as thou rushest back into the surging stream, even thy boon companions are terrified at thy staring eyes, and thy death-like face.

Hast thou seen a ghost? yea verily, the ghost of ghosts, the *Dweller of the Threshold,* and yet thou mightest have found a friend, a teacher, a brother. Rush back into the stream. O! terrified, thou that fleest from thy shadow, and plunge beneath its festering waves, yet even as its murky waters overwhelm thee, thy muscles creep and fear tugs at thy heartstrings.

Drain deep the cup, mount high the wave,
Tramp down the weak, envy the brave!
Bear high the bowl with dance and song,
Laugh at thy fears, shout loud and long.
"O wine of life! O vintage rare!
Pressed by sore feet in deep despair."

Slowly the pendulum of time
Swings to and fro, with measured chime,
The Dweller e'er on Bacchus waits,
And jealous guards the golden gates.
O! wine and wisdom! soul distilled,
Won from the silence, Life fulfilled.

Vain are the things of time and sense,
Who follows these finds recompense,
Yet he who turns from these and waits.
The glimmer of the golden gates
Will bless the hand what e'er it be
That tenders chart, or offers key.

Came not the Christ in humble mien?
Poor and despised the Nazarene,
And humble fishermen chose He
Beside the sea of Galilee.
Left not Lord Buddha throne and power
To meditate at midnight hour?

What matters it what hand bestows
The balm of healing for our woes?
For God is God, and Truth is Truth,
Ripe age is but immortal youth.
Let personalities alone,
Go through the gates! and reach the throne.

How many are turned aside by personalities? How many look to the garb of the messenger, forgetting the message, and yet is not the message plain? At one time the message comes from a manger, at another it descends from a throne. Yet is the message ever the same. Nature and time regard not personalities, but swallow up all alike, yet do nature and time and destiny teach ever the same great lesson, and he who would learn of these must both forego and forget personalities, his own and those of others. Personalities are but the fleeting waves on the river of time, caused by the friction of the winds of fortune; they are thy weakness and not thy strength. Thy strength is in thy soul, and thy soul's strength is in the calm, and not in storm revealed.

Inquire not who or what the messenger, but study well the message that comes to thy soul, and bears thee ban or blessing

according as thou receivest it, and while thou waitest with lamps untrimmed the Bridegroom passes by.

What matters it to thee what infirmities the messenger may bear, except as thou mayest help him so to bear them that truth may run a freer race? Is it not enough for thee that truth hath given him her signet ring? Judge then of this, and if he falter in his speech or loiter by the way, take up the theme in clearer tones and speak it from thy soul to all thy kind.

Wilt thou withhold thy blessing from the hand that bears the gift, and covet while rejecting the very gift it bears? If thou art so at cross purposes with thyself how canst thou be *at one* with truth?

Truth is many-sided, speaks every language, is clothed in every garb, yet is she ever still the same, *One,* and unchangeable, now and forever. And if she is no respecter of persons, canst thou be more select than she? Alas! thou canst not find her thus, but error rather, and self-deceived rush down the stream of Time, and when thy personalities fall off then shalt thou realize that thou didst refuse the banquet of the gods by scorning thus their messenger. Search out, and know and love and serve the truth, *for truth's own sake.* Follow it through all disguises with scent more sure and keen than hound in search of game. Refuse it not, though it reach thee from a dung-hill, welcome it as though straight from God's own throne, and thus shall it ne'er escape thee, and neither love nor hate nor fear shall mar thy harvests, and truth shall honor thee, as thou hast welcomed her.

Beware of false authority, for neither pope nor priest nor book can of itself contain it all, and yet despise them not, for so thou'lt miss the truth. The sole authority for truth is *truth's own self* and if thy soul is but akin to her, thy quickened soul will recognise her every garb, by ties more strong than blood, by kinship everlasting, and as the waters mingle with the sea, so flows thy soul into the bosom of the deeps whence springs afresh in thee the everlasting Life which is the vital breath of Truth. Harij.

(The foregoing article was first published by Mr. Judge in *"Path"* November, 1887.)

Between these two conflicting Titans—Science and Theology—is a bewildered public, fast losing all belief in man's personal immortality, in a deity of any kind, and rapidly descending to the level of mere animal existence. Such is the picture of the hour illuminated by the bright noon-day sun of this Christian and scientific era! —*Isis Unveiled, Vol. I, p. 10.*

What then is the panacea finally, the royal talisman? It is DUTY, Selflessness. Duty persistently followed is the highest yoga, and is better than mantrams or any posture, or any other thing. If you can do no more than duty it will bring you to the goal.

—*Letters That Have Helped Me, Vol. 2.*

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES

IT is intensely interesting to follow season after season the rapid evolution and change of public thought in the direction of the mystical. The educated mind is most undeniably attempting to free itself from the heavy fetters of materialism. The ugly caterpillar is writhing in the agonies of death, under the powerful efforts of the psychic butterfly to escape from its science-built prison, and every day brings some new glad tidings of one or more such mental births to light.

As the New York "Path" truly remarks in its September issue, when "Theosophical and kindred topics * * * are made the texts for novels," and, we may add, scientific essays and *brochures*, "the implication is that interest in them has become diffused through all social ranks." That kind of literature is "paradoxically proof that Occultism has passed beyond the region of careless amusement and entered that of serious enquiry." The reader has but to throw a retrospective glance at the publications of the last few years to find that such topics as Mysticism, Magic, Sorcery, Spiritualism, Theosophy, Mesmerism, or, as it is now called, Hypnotism, all the various branches in short of the *Occult* side of nature, are becoming predominant in every kind of literature. They visibly increase in proportion to the efforts made to discredit the movements in the cause of truth, and strangle enquiry—whether on the field of theosophy or spiritualism—by trying to besmear their most prominent heralds, pioneers and defenders, with tar and feathers.

The key-note for mystic and theosophic literature was Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs." It was followed by his "Zoroaster." Then followed "The Romance of Two Worlds," by Marie Corelli; R. Louis Stephenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde;" "The Fallen Idol," by Anstey; "King Solomon's Mines" and the thrice famous "She," by Rider Haggard; "Affinities" and "The Brother of the Shadow," by Mrs. Campbell Praed; Edmund Downey's "House of Tears," and many others less noticeable. And now there comes a fresh outburst in Florence Marryat's "Daughter of the Tropics," and F. C. Philips' "Strange Adventures of Lucy Smith." It is unnecessary to mention in detail the literature produced by avowed theosophists and occultists, some of whose works are very remarkable, while others are positively scientific, such as S. L. Macgregor Mathers' "Kabbalah Unveiled," and Dr. F. Hartmann's "Paracelsus," "Magic, White and Black," etc. We have also to note the fact that theosophy has now crossed the Channel, and is making its way into French literature. "La France" publishes a strange romance by Ch. Chincholle, pregnant with theosophy, occultism, and mesmerism, and called *"La Grande Pretresse,"* while *La Revue politique et litteraire* (19 Feb., 1887, *et seq.*) contained over the signature of Th. Bentzon,

a novel called *Emancipee,* wherein esoteric doctrines and adepts are mentioned in conjunction with the names of well-known theosophists. A sign of the times!

Literature—especially in countries free from government censorship—is the public heart and pulse. Besides the glaring fact that were there no demand there would be no supply, current literature is produced only to please, and is therefore evidently the mirror which faithfully reflects the state of the public mind. True, Conservative editors, and their submissive correspondents and reporters, still go on slashing occasionally in print the fair faces of mystic spiritualism and theosophy, and some of them are still found, from time to time, indulging in a *brutal* personal attack. But they do no harm on the whole, except perhaps to their own editorial reputations, as such editors can never be suspected of an exuberance of culture and good taste after certain ungentlemanly personal attacks. They do good on the contrary. For, while the theosophists and spiritualists so attacked, may view the Billingsgate poured upon them in a true Socratean spirit, and console themselves with the knowledge that none of the epithets used can possibly apply to them, on the other hand, *too much* abuse and vilification generally ends by awakening the public sympathy for the victim, in the right-minded and the impartial, at any rate.

In England people seem to like fair play on the whole. It is not *bashibazook*-like actions, the doughty deeds of those who delight in mutilating the slain and wounded, that can find sympathy for any great length of time with the public. If—as maintained by our lay enemies and repeated by some *naif* and too sanguine missionary organs—Spiritualism and Theosophy are "dead as a door-nail" (*sic, vide* American Christian periodicals),—aye, "dead and buried," why, in such case, good Christian fathers, not leave the dead at rest till "Judgment Day?" And if they are not, then editors—the profane as well as the clerical—why should you still fear? Do not show yourselves such cowards if you have the truth on your side. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit,* and "murder will out," as it always has, sooner or later. Open your columns to *free* and fearless discussion, and do as the theosophical periodicals have ever done, and as LUCIFER is now preparing to do. The "bright Son of the morning" fears no light. He courts it, and is prepared to publish any inimical contributions (couched, of course, in decent language), however much at variance with his theosophical views. He is determined to give a fair hearing in any and every case, to both contending parties and allow things and thoughts to be judged on their respective merits. For why, or what, should one dread when fact and truth are one's only aim? *Du choc des opinions jaillit la verite* was said by a French philosopher. If Theosophy and Spiritualism are no better than "gigantic frauds and will-o'-the-wisps of the age" why such *expensive* crusades against both? And if they are not, why should Agnostics and searchers after truth in general, help bigoted and narrow-minded materialists, sectarians and dogmatists to hide our light under a bushel by mere

brutal force and usurped authority? It is easy to surprise the good faith of the fair-minded. Still easier to discredit that which by its intrinsic strangeness, is already unpopular and could hardly be credited to its palmiest days. "We welcome no supposition so eagerly as one which accords with and intensifies our own prejudices," says, in "Don Jesualdo," a popular author. Therefore, *facts* become often cunningly concocted "frauds;" and self-evident, glaring lies are accepted as gospel truth at the first breeze of Don Basilio's *Calumnia,* by those to whose hard-crusted pre-conceptions such slander is like heavenly dew.

But, beloved enemies, "the light of Lucifer" may, after all, dispel some of the surrounding darkness. The mighty roaring voice of denunciation, so welcome to those whose little spites and hates and mental stagnation in the grasp of the social respectability it panders to, may yet be silenced by the voice of truth—"the still small voice"—whose destiny it ever was to first preach in the desert. That cold and artificial light which still seems to shine so dazzlingly over the alleged iniquities of professional mediums and the supposed sins of commission and omission of *non-professional* experimentalists, of free and independent theosophists, may yet be extinguished at the height of all its glory. For it is not quite the perpetual lamp of the alchemist philosopher. Still less is it that "light which never shown on sea or land," that ray of divine intuition, the spark which glimmers latent in the spiritual, never-erring perceptions of man and woman, and which is now awakening—for its time is at hand. A few years more, and the Aladdin's lamp, which called forth the ministering genius thereof, who, making three salutes to the public, proceeded forthwith to devour mediums and theosophists, like a juggler who swallows swords at a village fair, will get out of order. Its light, over which the anti-theosophists are crowing victory to this day, shall get dim. And then, perhaps, it will be discovered that what was claimed as a direct ray from the source of eternal truth was no better than a penny rush-light, in whose deceitful smoke and soot people got hypnotized, and saw everything upside down. It will be found that the hideous monsters of fraud and imposture had no existence outside the murky and dizzied brains of the Aladdins on their journey of discovery. And that, finally, the good people who listened to them, had been all the time seeing lights and hearing things under unconscious and mutual *suggestion.*

This is a scientific explanation, and requires no black magicians or *dugpas* at work; for "suggestion" as now practised by the sorcerers of science is—*dugpaship* itself, *pur sang.* No Eastern "adept of the *left* hand" can do more mischief by his infernal art than a grave hypnotiser of the Faculty of Medicine, a disciple of Charcot, or of any other scientific *light* of the first magnitude. In Paris, as in St. Petersburg, crimes have been committed under "suggestion." Divorces have occurred, and husbands have nearly killed their wives and their supposed co-respondents, owing to tricks played on innocent and respectable women, who have thus had their fair name and

all their future life blasted for ever. A son, under such influence, broke open the desk of an avaricious father, who caught him in the act, and nearly shot him in a fit of rage. One of the keys of occultism is in the hands of science—cold, heartless, materialistic, and crassly ignorant of the other truly psychic side of the phenomenon; hence, powerless to draw a line of demarcation between the physiological and the purely spiritual effects of the disease inoculated, and unable to prevent future results and consequences of which it has no knowledge, and over which it has, therefore, no control.

We find in the "Lotus" of September, 1887, the following:

A French paper, the *Paris,* for August 12th, contains a long and excellent article by G. Montorgueil, entitled, *The Accursed Sciences,* from which we extract the following passage, since we are, unfortunately, unable to quote the whole:

> "Some months ago, already, in I forget what case, the question of 'suggestion' was raised and taken account of by the judges. We shall certainly see people in the dock accused of occult malpractices. But how will the prosecution go to work? What arguments will it bring to bear? The crime by 'suggestion' is the ideal of a crime without proof. In such a case the gravest charges will never be more than presumptions, and fugitive presumptions. On what fragile scaffolding of suspicions will the charge rest? No examination, but a moral one, will be possible. We shall have to resign ourselves to hearing the Solicitor-general say to the accused: 'Accused, it appears from a perquisition made into your brain, etc.'"

Ah, the poor jurymen! it is they who are to be pitied. Taking their task to heart, they already have the greatest difficulty in separating the true from the false, even in rough and ready cases, the facts of which are obvious, all the details of which are tangible and the responsibilities clear. And we are going to ask them on their soul and conscience to decide questions of black magic! Verily their reason will not hold out through the fortnight; it will give way before that and sink into thaumaturgy. We move fast. The strange trials for sorcery will blossom anew; somnambules who were merely grotesque will appear in a tragic light; the coffee grounds, which so far only risked the police court, will hear their sentence at the assizes. The evil eye will figure among criminal offences. These last years of the 19th century will have seen us step from progress to progress, till we reach at last this judicial enormity: a second Laubardemont prosecuting another Urbain Grandier.

Serious, scientific, and political papers are full of earnest discussions on the subject. A St. Petersburg "Daily" has a long *feuilleton* on the "Bearing of *Hypnotic Suggestions* upon Criminal Law." "Cases of Hypnotism with criminal motives have of late begun to increase in an ever progressing ratio," it tells its readers. And it is not the only newspaper, nor is Russia the only country where the same tale is told. Careful investigations and researches have been made by distinguished lawyers and medical authorities. Data have been assiduously collected and have revealed that the curious phenomenon,—which sceptics have hitherto derided, and

young people have included among their evening *petits jeux innocents*,—is a new and terrible danger to state and society.

Two facts have now become patent to law and science:

(1) *That, in the perceptions of the hypnotised subject, the visionary representations called forth by "suggestion," become real existing actualities, the subject being, for the moment, the automatic executor of the will of the hypnotiser; and*

(2) *That the great majority of persons experimented upon, is subject to hypnotic suggestion.*

Thus Liebeault found only *sixty* subjects intractable out of the *seven hundred* he experimented upon; and Bernheim, out of 1,014 subjects, failed with only *twenty-six*. The field for the natural-born *jadoo-wala* (sorcery-mongers), is vast indeed! Evil has acquired a play-ground on which it may now exercise its sway upon many a generation of unconscious victims. For crimes undreamt of in the waking state, and felonies of the blackest dye, are now invited and encouraged by the new "accursed science." The real perpetrators of these deeds of darkness may now remain forever hidden from the vengeance of human justice. The hand which executes the criminal suggestion is only that of an irresponsible automaton, whose memory preserves no trace of it, and who, moreover, is a witness who can be easily disposed of by compulsory suicide—again under "suggestion." What better means than these could be offered to the fiends of lust and revenge, to those dark Powers—called human passions—ever on the look out to break the universal commandment: "Thou shalt not steal, nor murder, nor lust after thy neighbor's wife?" Liebeault *suggested* to a young girl that she should poison herself with prussic acid, and she swallowed the supposed drug without one moment's hesitation; Dr. Liegois *suggested* to a young woman that she owed him 5,000 francs, and the subject forthwith signed a cheque for the amount. Bernheim *suggested* to another hysterical girl a long and complicated vision with regard to a criminal case. Two days later, although the hypnotiser had not exercised any new pressure upon her in the interim, she repeated distinctly the whole suggested story to a lawyer sent to her for the purpose. Had her evidence been seriously accepted, it would have brought the accused to the guillotine.

These cases present two dark and terrible aspects. From the moral stand point, such processes and *suggestions* leave an indelible stain upon the purity of the subjects nature. Even the innocent mind of a ten year old child can thus be inoculated with vice, the poison-germ of which will develop in his subsequent life.

On the judicial aspect it is needless to enter in great detail. Suffice to say that it is this characteristic feature of the hypnotic state—the absolute surrender of will and self-consciousness to the hypnotiser—which possesses such importance, from its bearing upon crime, in the eyes of legal authorities. For if the hypnotiser has the subject entirely at his beck and call, so that he can cause him to commit any crime, acting, so to say, invisibly within him, then what

are not the terrible "judicial mistakes" to be expected? What wonder then, that the jurisprudence of one country after the other has taken alarm, and is devising, one after the other, measures for repressing the exercise of hypnotism! In Denmark it has just been forbidden. Scientists have experimented upon sensitives with so much success that a hypnotised victim has been jeered and hooted through the streets on his way to commit a crime, which he would have completed unconsciously, had not the victim been warned beforehand by the hypnotiser.

In Brussels a recent and sad case is well-known to all. A young girl of good family was seduced while in a hypnotised state by a man who had first subjected her to his influence at a social gathering. She only realized her condition a few months later, when her relatives, who divined the criminal, forced her seducer to make the only possible reparation—that of marrying his victim.

The French Academy has just been debating the question:—how far a hypnotised subject, from a mere victim, can become a regular tool of crime. Of course, no jurist or legislator can remain indifferent to this question; and it was averred that the crimes committed under *suggestion* are so unprecedented that some of them can hardly be brought within the scope of the law. Hence the prudent legal prohibition, just adopted in France, which enacts that no person, save those legally qualified to exercise the medical profession, shall hypnotise any other person. Even the physician who enjoys such legal right is permitted to hypnotise a person only in the presence of another qualified medical man, and with the written permission of the subject. Public *seances* of hypnotism are forbidden, and they are strictly confined to medical *cliniques* and laboratories. Those who break this law are liable to a heavy fine and imprisonment.

But the keynote has been struck, and many are the ways in which this *black art* may be used—laws notwithstanding. That it will be so used, the vile passions inherent in human nature are sufficient to guarantee.

Many and strange will be the romances yet enacted; for truth is often stranger than fiction, and what is thought fiction is still more often truth.

No wonder then that occult literature is growing with every day. Occultism and sorcery are in the air, with no true philosophical knowledge to guide the experimenters and thus check evil results. "Works of *fiction*," the various novels and romances are called. "Fiction" in the arrangement of their characters and the adventures of their heros and heroines—admitted. Not so, as to the *facts* presented. These are *no fictions*, but true *presentiments* of what lies in the bosom of the future, and much of which is already born—nay corroborated by *scientific* experiments. Sign of the times! Close of a psychic cycle! The time for phenomena with, or through mediums, whether professional or otherwise, is gone by. It was the early season of the blossoming, of the era mentioned even in

the bible; * the tree of Occultism is now preparing for "fruiting," and the spirit of the Occult is awakening in the blood of the new generations. If the old men only "dream dreams," the young ones see already visions, ** and—record them in novels and works of fiction. Woe to the ignorant and the unprepared, and those who listen to the syrens of materialistic science! For indeed, indeed, many will be the unconscious crimes committed, and many will be the victims who will innocently suffer death by hanging and decapitation at the hands of the righteous judges and the *too innocent* jurymen, both alike ignorant of the fiendish power of "SUGGESTION."

(The foregoing article was first printed by Madame Blavatsky in *Lucifer* for October, 1887).

THE THIRD OBJECT

"The Investigation of the Unexplained Laws of Nature and the Psychical Powers Latent in Man."

THE mistake has been made by many of assuming that "investigation" means "experimentation." Investigation belongs properly to *the study* of known laws and powers; for it is only when the student has thoroughly mastered the theory or science as given, that he can wisely or safely begin to experiment. As H. P. Blavatsky, the one to whom we are indebted for Theosophy, has written; "What we have to do is to seek to obtain *knowledge of all* the laws of nature * * * To encourage the study of those laws least understood by modern people, the so-called Occult Sciences, *based on the true knowledge of nature,* instead of, as at present, *on superstitious beliefs based on blind faith and authority.*"

Many have broken away from the theological conceptions that have prevailed for so many centuries, only to drift into an acceptance of the authority of a materialistic science. Others again, while holding to one, are unconsciously colored by the other; so that it may be said that the general basis of thought and action among Western peoples is founded upon a curious admixture of both, with the tendency in the direction of the material.

It must be apparent then, that a true knowledge of nature is

* "It shall come to pass that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams; your young men shall see visions." (Joel 2, 28.)

** It is curious to note that Mr. Louis Stevenson, one of the most powerful of our imaginative writers, stated recently to a reporter that he is in the habit of constructing the plots of his tales in **dreams**, and among others that of Dr. Jekyll. "I dreamed," he continued, "the story of 'Olalla' . . . and I have at the present moment two unwritten stories which I have likewise dreamed. . . . Even when fast asleep I know that it is I who am inventing." . . . But who knows whether the idea of "invention" is not also a dream.

necessary before any right effort can be made in the direction of the Third Object.

Theosophy, which embodies a record of the laws that govern the evolution of Man and Nature, has to be studied, assimilated and applied to daily life, before the student is in a position, or condition, to understand and apply the more recondite laws of the Science. A grasp of the whole theory is wise and necessary, but practise should begin in our every day relations, considered in the light of our real nature, and as this course is followed, the inner nature and perceptions are afforded fuller and freer range of action.

This course has not been thought much of, nor greatly followed, yet all the great Teachers of the past, as well as Theosophy, inculcate it. Its neglect has been the cause of all the failures, both inside of theosophical organizations and outside of them, and the reason for this is very apparent. Action follows Thought, and thought based upon the personal idea, be that high or low, is separative, disintegrating.

With these considerations in mind, what is to be said of those who make claims to the possession of occult powers; who advertise themselves as adepts, initiates and what not; or who circulate prospectuses of Schools of Occultism; or claim to be Magi, Rosicrucians &c.? An examination of the so-called instructions of those at present in existence, shows much copying and re-arrangement of matter accessible to anyone, and claims which have no basis in fact and cannot be substantiated.

That the mystically inclined should increase in numbers as the years went on, was well known to the Founders of the Theosophical Movement. The promulgation of a true all-inclusive philosophy of life under the name of Theosophy was undertaken in order to meet this need, among others. That this has not been more generally availed of, is not the fault of the Founders or Their philosophy, but is chargeable to the general ignorance and credulity of humanity, and to the cupidity or ambition of individuals who saw an opportunity to exploit, or to obtain preferment over their fellow-men.

Fortunately for the world, the Founders of the Theosophical Movement left a record of Theosophy pure and simple, and all necessary directions for its study and application in such form as to be accessible to any who desire it. There are those who follow this implicitly, and whose greatest desire and effort is that others may benefit as they have.

A man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me; the fragrance of these good actions always rebounding to me, the harm of the slanderer's words returning to him. For as sound belongs to the drum, and shadow to the substance, so in the end, misery will certainly overtake the evil doer. —*Buddha Sutra of 42 sections.*

THE THREE PLANES OF HUMAN LIFE

Jagrata,	Swapna,	Sushupti,
Waking	Dreaming	Dreamless Sleep

I SPEAK of ordinary men. The Adept, the Master, the Yogi, the Mahatma, the Buddha, each lives in more than three states while incarnated upon this world, and they are fully conscious of them all, while the ordinary man is only conscious of the first—the waking—life, as the word conscious is now understood.

Every theosophist who is in earnest ought to know the importance of these three states, and especially how essential it is that one should not lose in Swapna the memory of experiences in Sushupti, nor in Jagrata those of Swapna, and *vice versa*.

Jagrata, our waking state, is the one in which we must be regenerated; where we must come to a full consciousness of the Self within, for in no other is salvation possible.

When a man dies he goes either to the Supreme Condition from which no return against his will is possible, or to other states—heaven, hell, avitchi Devachan, what not—from which return to incarnation is inevitable. But he cannot go to the Supreme State unless he has perfected and regenerated himself; unless the wonderful and shining heights on which the Masters stand have been reached while he is in a body. This consummation, so devoutly desired, cannot be secured unless at some period in his evolution the being takes the steps that lead to the final attainment. These steps can and must be taken. In the very first is contained the possibility of the last, for causes once put in motion eternally produce their natural results.

Among those steps are an acquaintance with and understanding of the three states first spoken of.

Jagrata acts on Swapna, producing dreams and suggestions, and either disturbs the instructions that come down from the higher state or aids the person through waking calmness and concentration which tend to lessen the distortions of the mental experiences of dream life. Swapna again in its turn acts on the waking state (Jagrata) by the good or bad suggestions made to him in dreams. All experience and all religions are full of proofs of this. In the fabled Garden of Eden the wily serpent whispered in the ear of the sleeping mortal to the end that when awake he should violate the command. In Job it is said that God instructeth man in sleep, in dreams, and in visions of the night. And the common introspective and dream life of the most ordinary people needs no proof. Many cases are within my knowledge where the man was led to commit acts against which his better nature rebelled, the suggestion for the act coming to him in dream. It was because

the unholy state of his waking thoughts infected his dreams, and laid him open to evil influences. By natural action and reaction he poisoned both Jagrata and Swapna.

It is therefore our duty to purify and keep clear these two planes.

The third state common to all is *Sushupti,* which has been translated "*dreamless sleep.*" The translation is inadequate, for, while it is dreamless, it is also a state in which even criminals commune through the higher nature with spiritual beings and enter into the spiritual plane. It is the great spiritual reservoir by means of which the tremendous momentum toward evil living is held in check. And because it is involuntary with them, it is constantly salutary in its effect.

In order to understand the subject better, it is well to consider a little in detail what happens when one falls asleep, has dreams, and then enters Sushupti. As his outer senses are dulled the brain begins to throw up images, the reproductions of waking acts and thoughts, and soon he is asleep. He has then entered a plane of experience which is as real as that just quitted, only that it is of a different sort. We may roughly divide this from the waking life by an imaginary partition on the one side, and from Sushupti by another partition on the other. In this region he wanders until he begins to rise beyond it into the higher. There no disturbances come from the brain action, and the being is a partaker to the extent his nature permits of the "banquet of the gods." But he has to return to waking state, and he can get back by no other road than the one he came upon, for, as Sushupti extends in every direction and Swapna under it also in every direction, there is no possibility of emerging at once from Sushupti into Jagrata. And this is true even though on returning no memory of any dream is retained.

Now the ordinary non-concentrated man by reason of the want of focus due to multitudinous and confused thought, has put his Swapna field or state into confusion, and in passing through it the useful and elevating experiences of Sushupti become mixed up and distorted, not resulting in the benefit to him as a waking person which is his right as well as his duty to have. Here again is seen the lasting effect, either prejudicial or the opposite, of the conduct and thoughts when awake.

So it appears, then, that what we should try to accomplish is such a clearing up and vivification of Swapna state as shall result in removing the confusion and distortion existing there, in order that upon emerging into waking life he may retain a wider and brighter memory of what occurred in Sushupti. This is done by an increase of concentration upon high thoughts, upon noble purposes, upon all that is best and most spiritual in him while awake. The best result cannot be accomplished in a week or a year, perhaps not in a life, but, once begun, it will lead to the perfection of spiritual cultivation in some incarnation hereafter.

By this course a centre of attraction is set up in him while awake,

and to that all his energies flow, so that it may be figured to ourselves as a focus in the waking man. To this focal point—looking at it from that plane—converge the rays from the whole waking man toward Swapna, carrying him into dream-state with greater clearness. By reaction this creates another focus in Swapna, through which he can emerge into Sushupti in a collected condition. Returning he goes by means of these points through Swapna, and there, the confusion being lessened, he enters into his usual waking state the possessor, to some extent at least, of the benefits and knowledge of Sushupti. The difference between the man who is not concentrated and the one who is, consists in this, that the first passes from one state to the other through the imaginary partitions postulated above, just as sand does through a sieve, while the concentrated man passes from one to the other similarly to water through a pipe or the rays of the sun through a lens. In the first case each stream of sand is a different experience, a different set of confused and irregular thoughts, whereas the collected man goes and returns the owner of regular and clear experience.

These thoughts are not intended to be exhaustive, but so far as they go it is believed they are correct. The subject is one of enormous extent as well as great importance, and theosophists are urged to purify, elevate, and concentrate the thoughts and acts of their waking hours so that they shall not continually and aimlessly, night after night and day succeeding day, go into and return from these natural and wisely appointed states, no wiser, no better able to help their fellow men. For by this way, as by the spider's small thread, we may gain the free space of spiritual life.

EUSEBIO URBAN.

(The foregoing article was first printed by Mr. Judge in The *Path,* for August, 1888.)

Have perseverance as one who doth forevermore endure, Thy shadows live and vanish; that which in thee shall live forever, that which in thee *knows,* for it is knowledge, is not of fleeting life; it is the Man that was, that is, and will be, for whom the hour shall never strike. —*Voice of the Silence—Fragment II, p. 33.*

Canst thou destroy divine COMPASSION? Compassion is no attribute. It is the Law of Laws—eternal Harmony, Alaya's self; a shoreless universal essence, the light of everlasting right, and fitness of all things, the law of Love eternal.

—*Voice of the Silence—Fragment III, p. 73.*

Every attachment is to be given up by the Self; but if thou art not able to give it up, then let thy attachment be with the good, for attachment to the good is healing.

Oriental Department Paper—1897.

DETACHMENT

THE Buddhist doctrine of detachment from all earthly desires as a necessary means to the attainment of the eternal state, is to many otherwise right-thinking minds, a great stumbling block. "What!" they argue with what seems to them incontrovertible force, "must all the kindly feelings and sweet relationship of life be left behind? Is the equanimity of the Yogi an advance on the Christian's devoted attachment to his family and friends—the Yogi, who is described as regarding 'with equal eyes, friends and enemies, kinsmen and aliens, yea good and evil men'? If the higher life you speak of with such awe-struck admiration, is only to be reached by such a path, it does not appeal to our feelings as a higher life at all! And looking at it even from a lower point of view, why were we placed in this world at all, and surrounded by all the good things we possess, if we were not to accept and enjoy them with loving and thankful hearts?"

The last question, it must be admitted, could not be put by anyone who had studied, even in a partial manner, the elementary truths put forward by the Occult Philosophy. It represents a blameless "religious" attitude of mind, but so restricted—if only in failing to recognise that there are millions to whom the postulated "possession of good things" is not applicable—that until the questioner attains a higher horizon, and realizes as a "burning question" the necessity of recognition of the homogeneity of life, and the really deep though doubtless unconscious selfishness of *his* "loving and thankful heart for the good things *he* possesses," no words addressed to him would be likely to "carry home."

But in this paper it is proposed to deal with those higher attractions which are truly recognised as the humanizing influences in life. If it can be shewn that the major premise is false, the disproof of the minor will follow as a logical necessity.

Humanizing influences they certainly are—the love which the child begins by feeling for his kin—the attractions towards responsive souls which come to us through life as the solitary drops of nectar in an alternately tasteless and bitter cup. It is these things which lift us above the mere life of the senses which we share with the animals, and which make us truly human. But if these things were destined for ever to satisfy the heart of man, he might rightly think that he had reached the limit of his tether. Doubtless, there are some to whom the earthly loves offer more or less perfect satisfaction—so far they have reached their goal—for them the trumpet has not sounded the advance—let them enjoy the earthly bliss by all means—they are the dwellers in the plains of content, and they may dwell there for many life-times, but some day they will feel impelled to scale the mountains, meantime there is no need to darken their lives by anticipation of the deep draughts of misery awaiting

them in some future life, when their illusive bliss has worn itself out, and their souls have begun to develope eyes to see.

Nature is an infinitely slow teacher—if denied satisfaction on one side we turn to it on another—the man who has made a total wreck of himself so far as the world is concerned, may still find consolation in the sympathy of a loved one. It is the old story of trying to satisfy the eternal hunger "on the husks that the swine do eat," and many a time do we return to the well-known food, before we finally recognize its unsatisfying nature. But the deep draughts of misery in the continued failure to achieve satisfaction, even from the sweet human love which is certainly the highest embodiment of earthly things, must eventually bear its fruit, and the soul will develope eyes to see.

So far we have only followed the progress of the advancing soul; we would now show that such progress must necessarily lead to the detachment from all earthly desires. This will best be done by the analysis of the process along the ray of one particular quality or virtue. While Perfection is a unity in which all noble qualities or virtues are merged in one, it must be admitted that the aspirant who attains cannot be deficient in any. Let us then take—say courage.

What man and still less what woman could say with truth that no earthly catastrophe could shake the firm equilibrium of their soul? that neither bodily torture, nor the evocation of the awful beings of the unseen universe, could ever assail their spirit with fear? But courage "in excelsis" will have to be attained by all who tread the upward path—by women who, rightly or wrongly, are generally considered to be of a more timorous nature—as well as by men.

Courage is supposed to find its type among the kingdoms of animal life, in the Lion. And the men, who in these days bear off the palm, as being the brave ones of the race, are very closely allied by nature to this king of the beasts. But surely the more admirable courage is that from which the brutal element, which has a natural love of strife, is more or less eliminated—say the Philosopher of studious habits, to whom all strife is an abhorrence, but who has the will-power so developed that he can nerve himself to do his duty in the face of danger. It only requires a further extension of this thought, and we have the martyr who for an idea will embrace death. In his case, not only is the love of strife and its concomitant hatred of his enemies entirely eliminated, but in their place has arisen a Godlike beneficence towards all mankind—his enemies included—witness the crippled Epictetus speaking well of his master who had tortured and maimed him. Witness the martyred Stephen, who saw not the figures of his stoners but only the heavens opening above him, and whose dying words were "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

But can it be imagined that lives so lit with the flame of divine fire could be dominated by any of the attractions which we know under the name of earthly desires? Could they have reached the

heights they did had not such desires and the satisfactions they lead to been laid aside as valueless?

Epictetus, with godlike fortitude, suffering neither good nor evil fortune to disturb the perfect serenity of his soul, and obtaining touch thereby of the one Eternal life which lies behind the senses and the brain-evolved thoughts of man, and Stephen in glowing language uttering his death-earning speech before the Jewish Synagogue, are alike examples of the power that comes when the things of this world—aye the sweetest loves in it—have failed to satisfy, and the soul has developed eyes to see the hidden glories of the unseen universe.

And it must be remembered that these lights of saintship (with the martyrdom which comes as episode to a few) are but steps in the progress. Steps not so very far removed from us because we can understand and appreciate the thoughts that lead there and the results that are the outcome; but the steps beyond are hidden from our view where the last shreds of the tattered Humanity are cast off, and the glorified soul blossoms with the attributes of Deity.

In following the soul's advance it must always be borne in mind that no single mode of stating the question will formulate the whole truth, for in the inter-action of the qualities of man's nature, causes are effects and effects are causes. It has been shown above that in the development of true courage the earthly desires must have ceased to operate, but it may be stated with still greater force, and with equal truth, that until the man has begun to fix his thought on the Eternal, or in other words to detach himself from earthly desires, no spark of this true courage can shew itself. The brute instincts of man, whose natural field is physical strife, may produce prodigies of valour on the mundane plane which, however, one glimmer of consciousness on the psychic plane might convert into abject fear. But in the sinking of the self, and in the steadfast straining towards the Eternal Thought, we have a true basis for the construction of a true courage which shall go on conquering and to conquer, and which can forge a key to unlock the very gates of Hell.

When stated in this way it would indeed seem that this higher courage is different, not merely in degree but in kind, from the courage which man shares with the beasts, and that these combative instincts of the animal, which are at least noteworthy characteristics of the lower courage, are included in the earthly desires and passions, which must, at all events, be begun to be put aside, before the Path can be entered upon or even recognised.

This view of courage will probably not meet with ready acceptance by numbers who worship the energetic animal courage of man.

It is only a minority who have developed the capacity to think a subject out, and such is the hurry and superficiality of our life that few even of these take the trouble to do so. The majority accept with easy thoughtlessness, and repeat with glad familiarity, the

prejudiced utterances of those around them. But truth lives not by the number of her votaries!

If we now turn to Love—that much abused word on this material earth—it must be acknowledged that our earthly loves only shine with the bright lustre they do, because they obtain some faint reflex of the heavenly glory, for it is in the development of our sympathetic nature that we reach the highest of the purely human characteristics, and are ready to take the next leap upwards towards the divine, and this leap must surely be in the direction of more diffused sympathy, until all are embraced within its fold.

It is a fallacy to suppose that love achieves greater concentration by being confined in its operation to one nation, or one family, or one individual. It is the exclusion of other nations, other families, and other individuals, which gives the apparent intensity, and this is accentuated in proportion as *hate of those excluded* enters the arena. True love is a ray of the Divine which *must* be all embracing in its attributes. Any curtailment of its sphere is not a concentration but a degradation—a ceasing to be what it ought to be in reality, until when the nadir is reached in the sordid likings and lusts of the ordinary man—the animal, human creature—the Divine ray is almost extinguished, and yet, strange to say, the same word love is used to designate these feelings!

The love and sympathy in which all shall be embraced is often represented under the term Universal Brotherhood. It has been the object aimed at by all high religions, but the term is liable to misinterpretations. Equality of physical or mental conditions is an impossibility in a world governed by the law of Karma, with its far reaching ramifications. This Brotherhood *can* only exist on the highest plane—the plane of pure spirit. Put in religious language it is union *in God* that has to be aimed at—the love and pity of the God within us that has to be achieved.

But it is a degradation of thought for one moment to associate the love here spoken of with any of the limited and selfish human loves we know. Family affection, friendship, patriotism, all must have been left below with the human physical heart and brain of the terrestial man. On these serene heights no ties can be recognised save the tie that binds the one to the All.

Under the symbol of islands separated by the sea, Matthew Arnold pictures the isolation of the embodied soul—the following verses of the poem breathe out the sigh for union.

"But when the moon their hollows lights
And they are swept by balms of spring,
And in their glens, on starry nights,
The nightingales divinely sing;
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
Across the sounds and channels pour.

"Oh! then a longing like despair,
Is to their farthest caverns sent;
For surely once, they feel, we were
Parts of a simple continent;
Now round us spreads the watery plain,
Oh might our marges meet again!"

The words addressed to the mixed multitude who thronged round

"the great moral teacher in Judea nearly nineteen centuries ago, "If thou lovest not thy brother whom thou hast seen, how canst thou love God whom thou hast not seen?" may with advantage still be used as a text in addressing the bigoted sectarians, and the sordid self-seekers of today; but other words are wanted for the hungerers after the spiritual manna, for the seekers of the hidden light. Let us take them from the same inspired lips. "If any man cometh unto me, and hateth not his own father and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." With reservations as to the true interpretation of the word "hate" being what modern custom has made it, here is the key note struck again. Sacrifice must culminate in renunciation. Until the whole man, with his affections and desires has been crucified and laid in the tomb, the resurrection of the perfected man—the Christ—cannot take place. Then the island's cry of isolation will be stilled, then the soul's deep longing for union will be satisfied.

In this paper it has been attempted to shew from an ordinary worldly point of view, the reasonableness of the necessity for "detachment," but to many minds, the terse statement of irreconcilable difference between the path of Karma, and the path of Liberation, given in the "Discourse of Buddha," with which I propose to conclude, will appear to deal with the matter in a truer, and therefore a more convincing, way. The discourse is rendered in English verse by Edwin Arnold. It was an answer to a question put by a priest. "Master, which is life's chief good?" It is a long quotation, but no short extract would give the full meaning. The following is the poem almost "in extenso."

"Shadows are good when the high sun is flaming,
From wheresoe'er they fall;
Some take their rest beneath the holy temple,
Some by the prison-wall.

"The King's gilt palace-roof shuts out the sunshine,
So doth the dyer's shed!
'Which is the chiefest shade of all these shadows?'
'They are alike!' one said.

" 'So is it,' quoth he, 'with all shows of living;
As shadows fall, they fall!
Rest under, if ye must, but question not
Which is the best of all.'

"Yet, some trees in the forest wave with fragrance
Of fruit and bloom o'erhead;
And some are evil, bearing fruitless branches,
Whence poisonous air is spread.

"Therefore, though all be false, seek, if ye must,
Right shelter from life's heat.
Lo! those do well who toil for wife and child
Threading the burning street!

"Good is it helping kindred! good to dwell
Blameless and just to all;
Good to give alms, with good-will in the heart,
Albeit the store be small!

"Good to speak sweet and gentle words, to be
Merciful, patient, mild;

To hear the Law, and keep it, leading days
Innocent, undefiled.

"These be chief goods—for evil by its like
Ends not, nor hate by hate;
By love hate ceaseth; by well-doing ill;
By knowledge life's sad state.

"But see where soars an eagle! mark those wings
Which cleave the blue, cool skies!
What shadow needeth yon proud Lord of Air
To shield his fearless eyes?

"Rise from this life: lift upon pinions bold
Hearts free and great as his;
The eagle seeks no shadow, nor the wise
Greater or lesser bliss!"

PILGRIM.

(The foregoing article was first printed by Madame Blavatsky in *Lucifer* for May, 1888.)

THE PRIDE OF POSSESSION

WE often see the term "Just Pride" used as though pride in any form were justifiable. Most persons nowadays are ready enough to condemn pride of blood and pride of wealth, though such condemnation is not often unmixed with envy, but the pride of an honorable name or of worthy achievement or of genius few think of condemning, and there is even a pride in poverty itself which is often its greatest burden and which stands squarely against all progress and improvement. Yet are not all these things incidents of life, mere accessories of human nature, only fancied possessions, not real.

Let it be understood that pride *per se* is evil and that only, and that the indulgence of it in any form or for any reason is also evil and folly. Pride is the basis of all caste and caste legislation in State or in society. The meaning of it is that, because of this or that, I am better than my neighbor, and, being better than he, I cannot therefore associate with him on equal terms, and this it is, more than all else save only greed, that prevents the reign of Universal Brotherhood.

"What, then," says one, "do you deny that there are inequalities in life that one is wise and another foolish, one beautiful and another deformed and ugly, one strong and another weak?" Surely not; but he who is strong is weakened by pride; he who is beautiful is deformed by pride; and he who is wise is degraded by pride to the level of folly. Pride of wealth, blood, power, and place is by no means the only offence. Who has not seen the so-called educated dominate and trample upon the ignorant as ruthlessly as the strong can anywhere overcome the weak, or the rich oppress the poor?

Such are never educated in any true sense, though they have that base coinage which passes current in an age of mediocrity

and is often mistaken for true gold, to be found at last but "fool's gold." How many people are brave and noble in adversity; how many good people have been spoiled by prosperity. And what are good and bad, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, but terms of comparison, mere temporary states, inns for the night, stations for a day in the journey of the soul!

The desire to better one's condition in life is natural enough, and is the key to all personal progress. To feel that one is designed for better things than he has yet achieved is an intuition of the soul, its choicest heritage, but all such achievements should be by honest endeavor, not by fraud. He who can simply grumble at Providence for having placed him below his deserts is not likely to better his condition. Thousands of poor persons who hate and envy others because they are rich would, if grown suddenly rich, be more proud and oppressive than any whom they now despise; and very few among these envious poor are willing to practice the economy and self-denial which are the cause of the wealth they envy; and yet they are fond of saying "we are as good as they," and will often repel kindness and offers of assistance with scorn, too proud to be pensioners, yet not too proud to be envious.

Pride doth indeed cover a multitude of sins. Pride is evil in any form, though it may and doubtless does serve to push the soul to better things, just as fear restrains it from worse things. When once it has been clearly perceived that nothing which can by any possibility be the subject of envy or pride is in any sense a true possession, then pride and envy must cease. Wealth, fame, and power,—these are but relative terms for temporary states, and envy is the false light by which they allure their pursuers, while pride is the miasm by which they silence the voice of the soul and lull it to lethargy and decay. He who seeks real possessions, to have and to hold by the soul's franchise, envieth not and is never proud, for he well knows that the things that he prizes are the heritage of humanity. He cannot hold them or compass them, create or destroy them, though he can become a part of them through the serving of all, and thus partake of their nature. These are Truth, justice, Love, and Understanding, not mere "abstract qualities," but the Jewels of the soul no less than the crown and glory of the Deity. These shine by their own light, and are to be loved and sought for themselves alone. We shall not envy, but rather honor, him who possesses them. Possessing them, we shall not be proud, but reverent, grateful, helpful, and so help on the reign of Universal Brotherhood, well knowing that every jewel we help to place in the crown of a brother will add lustre to our own. These are the true possessions, and they are divested of all pride and envy.

THE GREAT ORPHAN*

Woe stalks abroad in all the land,
Want and despair together stand,
God's image trampled in the dust!
How long, O Lord! and Thou art just?
How long! How long! O just and wise!
These empty hands, these hungry cries?

God's providence is always seen
Through man, in garb of Nazarene;
Man prays to God with up-turned eyes,
While at his feet his brother lies:
How long! How long, O Pharisee!
Ere brazen skies will answer thee.

All store of food, all wealth of gold,
Are given to man to have and hold;
To hold at peril, if he dare
Deprive his brother of his share,
Enough for all by measure just,
Who holdeth more but holds *in* trust.

The almoner of God is he
Whose hands are filled by destiny.
God's special providence to show
Through man, to man, to lighten woe.
Relief of needs through human deeds,
All Heaven waits; all Nature pleads.

Great suffering soul! Humanity!
Father divine! Humanity!
Mother divine! no more concealed,
Behold the mystery revealed!
These three in one, and one in three,
God all in all, Humanity! —Harij.

(The foregoing article was first published by Mr. Judge in *"Path,"* March, 1888.)

All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him like a shadow that never leaves him. —*Dhammapada.*

"The Master serves humanity and identifies himself with the whole world; he is ready to make vicarious sacrifice for it at any moment—*by living not by dying for it.* —*Light on The Path.*

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*"Humanity is the Great Orphan."—St. Martin.

BE IT DONE UNTO THEE ACCORDING TO THY DESIRE

THOSE whose attention has been but recently attracted to Theosophical studies often have considerable difficulty in taking their bearings. These are attracted by the mystery that attaches to Theosophy, and have equal difficulty in estimating their own motives and in understanding the new doctrines. There are, indeed, a few who do not come under this head, those who realize that they have at last found that for which they waited and sought; but these need little assistance, for the momentum gained by long and weary waiting will carry them a long way on the path. The great majority of students belong to the former class, and these are now for the first time brought face to face with themselves. If they mean only to have an amusing and interesting flirtation with occultism, get the reputation of being "a little fast" in the new fad, yet preserve through it all their reputation for virtuous intelligence, they ought to be made aware that they are trifling with very serious matters. It would not be difficult to imagine a man who had been out with boon companions engaged in drunken orgies, and who at midnight had come reeling home, leering and besotted, to find that home in flames, and all he had held most dear and that he had imagined safe being devoured by the cruel flames. Such a one would be sobered in a moment, and in that awful awakening self-reproach and horror would take possession of his soul. He would in that awful moment stand face to face with himself. His own conscience would be his Nemesis, though he might have had nothing directly to do with bringing on the calamity that had overtaken him. Suppose he had returned from a mission of mercy to find the same calamity awaiting him, the difference in the two cases can easily be imagined. He would now be face to face with his calamity, and in either case he would doubtless do his best to rescue his treasures. What makes the difference in these cases? Is it not all in the man's own soul? Every student of Theosophy will find the subject full of mystery, but that mystery will be but the reflection of his own nature.

If one were to inquire, What is Theosophy anyhow? and what shall I find in it of interest or value? it might be answered, What are you? and what do you seek in Theosophy? Are you satisfied with your present life and your past achievement? Does it give you zest and satisfaction? If it does, and if you are quite satisfied with things as they are, you had better let Theosophy alone, for it will break your repose and make you the most wretched of mortals; it will place you face to face with yourself, and you will not be pleased with the reflection in the mirror; nor will you ever again find that self-complacent satisfaction you have heretofore

enjoyed when thinking of yourself. If you are involved in a round of pleasure, and are rushing from one sensual delight to another, discontented when left to yourself, yet still imagining you are happy if only you can keep up the dizzy dance of life, you will find nothing in Theosophy to compensate you for the lost pleasure; it will break the charm and destroy the illusion. Let it alone. The baby has first to learn that fire will burn its little fingers, before it will learn to avoid the fire. So also with the votary of pleasure; until he has learned the Cheat, and how utterly inadequate are all sensuous enjoyments to satisfy a living soul, he will seek these enjoyments as a child cries for the light or vainly reaches out its frail arms for the moon. You will find in Theosophy just what you desire and just what you find in yourself. It will not satisfy you if you still long for selfish enjoyment; it will repel you, and send you back from its cold embrace to the dizzy whirl of the maddening dance of life, glad that there is warmth *somewhere*.

If, on the other hand, your soul is already filled with a great *unrest;* if you have already discovered the cheat and lost the old zest of childhood, and yet been unable to find anything to take its place; and if you are almost ready to despair, and count life as a failure and hardly worth the living, then, my friend, my brother, Theosophy has a message for you. It will again show you yourself and more, it will show you the meaning of life, and place you face to face with your priceless opportunities, and just in proportion to your present hopelessness and discouragement will it inspire you with zeal and with courage. It will show you the cause of failure, the cause of disease, and the cause of unhappiness, and it will give you the panacea for all these ills of life. It will banish that bane of life, *ennui,* forever. It will enable you to find within yourself the disease and its remedy, and it will put you in possession of a never-failing source of inspiration and of joy. If you desire all this, be it done unto you according to your desire. But do you really desire it? Remember the issues are with your own soul. You are both priest and penitent, and absolution can come only to a clean conscience. There can be no deception practiced. You will be alone with your own soul, and will realize how utterly hopeless, how absurd, it would be to attempt any deception. *There can be none.* Are you afraid to stand face to face thus with yourself? and do you prefer to wait for the midnight hour and the great awakening! Then wait! no human being can say you Nay. Follow the cheat called pleasure! Raise high the orgies of self! Silence the voice within, and wait till all is ready or till death come and the account is closed.

The true Theosophists are not a legion, the ranks are by no means crowded. These are not measured by their occult lore, or by their mysterious power, nor yet by any worldly standard, but solely by their convictions. They are one and all *dead in earnest*, dead to all things else. They may not outwardly yet renounce, but they have inwardly relinquished, and will rejoice at the coming of the time when incidentals shall vanish and only essentials remain. These

have lived in all ages, giving meaning and dignity to life, invincible and immortal.

Think of Epictetus, when tortured for a trifle, saying to his tormentor, his "master!" "If you twist my limb much farther, you will break it, and so deprive yourself of a servant," and, when the bone broke, replying only, "There, I told you you would break it." A poor crippled slave, yet all the masters among besotted kings could not touch his soul, more than a drop of water could reach the heart of volcanic fires. But this was so long ago, and the world is so much wiser and better now! and Epictetus was not only a slave but a heathen! Well, courts of law, masquerading in the name of Justice, at the command of Mammon can still imprison the greatest discoverer of the age, and when they have persecuted Mr. Keely to death they will doubtless ascertain the commercial value of his "secret." Whether power wears a crown, a mitre, a golden helmet, or a cap and bells, 'tis all the same. Power in the throne, in the holy Inquisition, in the seat of Justice, or in the service of mammon, will never comprehend and never master the silent power and invincible courage of one noble soul that knows and loves the simple truth.

Though we persecute truth daily,
  Though we plant with thorns her brow,
Scourge her, spit upon, revile her,
  And crown error here and now:
Through the cycles of the ages
  Truth comes uppermost at last,
And the heroes of the present
  Were the martyrs of the past. —Harij.

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"Having received, freely give; having once devoted your life in thought, to the great stream of energy in which elementals and souls alike are carried—and which causes the pulse-beat of our hearts—you can never claim it back again. Seek, then, that mental devotion which strains to give. For in the law it is written that we must give away all or we lose it; as you need mental help, so do others who are wandering in darkness seeking for light."

—Letters That Have Helped Me, Vol. 2.

"The human mind has, under the necessary operation of its own laws, been compelled to entertain the same fundamental ideas, and the human heart to cherish the same feelings in all ages."

—Isis Unveiled, Vol. 1, p. 15.

The selfish devotee lives to no purpose. The man who does not go through his appointed work in life—has lived in vain.

—Voice of the Silence—Fragment 11, p. 36.

SPIRITUAL GIFTS AND THEIR ATTAINMENT

ONE of the questions which a Theosophist is apt to ask, and to ask with some earnestness and intensity, is, How can I make progress in the higher life? How can I attain spiritual gifts? For the phrase "spiritual gifts," which is a rather loose-jointed expression, we are indebted to Paul, the Apostle and Adept, who thus wrote to the Corinthian Church: "Concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant." Among the "gifts" which he goes on to enumerate are these,—wisdom, knowledge, faith, healing, the working of miracles, prophecy, discerning of spirits, the speaking of divers tongues, and the interpretation of tongues. And while the Apostle urges the Corinthians to "covet earnestly the best gifts," he yet proceeds to show them a more excellent way, namely the supreme law of love. "Now abideth," he says, "faith, hope, charity (or love), these three; but the greatest of these is charity." Spiritual gifts, then, however desirable their possession may be, are plainly not, in the opinion of this good Adept, on the highest plane, not the supreme object of human attainment, or the most excellent way of reaching human perfection. They may doubtless properly be regarded as evidences of advancement on the higher planes of thought and spiritual life, and may be coveted and used for the benefit of others; but they are not in themselves the chief object of human desire. For man's supreme aim should be to become God, and "God is love."

But let us look at the matter a little more closely. In the first place, what is a "gift?" What is the common acceptation of the word? Clearly something given to or bestowed upon a recipient, not something which a man already possesses, or which he may obtain by a process of growth or development. The latter, strictly speaking, would be a "fruit," not a gift. A tree which has been producing nothing but leaves and branches for many years finally breaks out into blossom and fruit. No new "gift" has been conferred upon it; it has simply reached a stage of development in its natural growth where certain powers, inherent in the tree from the beginning, have an opportunity to assert themselves. In the same way the transcendental powers possessed by the Adepts are not gifts; but the natural result of growth in certain directions, and the necessary efflorescence, so to speak, of the profound development in their cases of those spiritual potentialities which are the birthright of all men.*

Taking this view of the meaning of the word, I thing most Theosophists will be ready to admit that the phrase "spiritual gifts" is a misnomer. There are and can be no gifts for man to receive. Whatever the student of the higher life is, he is as the result of his past labors. Whatever he may become in the future will be due to his own efforts. He may develope his latent faculties and in time become an Adept, or he may drift along the currents of life without

aim or effort, till he finally sinks into oblivion. His destiny is in his own hands, and is in no way dependent upon "gifts."

Bearing in mind, however, the manifold nature of man, the subject may be looked at from another point of view. For all practical purposes man may be said to consist of body, soul, and spirit, the soul being the true ego, and the spirit one with the Supreme. And regarding these for the time as separate entities, it is perfectly true, as James, another apostle, puts it, that "every good gift and every perfect gift is from above." Every aspiration of the soul for spiritual things, every resolve of the man to lead a purer life, every helping outstretched hand to a weaker brother, every desire for the truth, all hungering and thirsting after righteousness:—these and like yearnings and strivings of the soul have first of all come from above, from the Divine within. In this sense they may be called "gifts,"—gifts from the higher nature to the lower, from the spiritual to the human. And this action of the above upon the below is seen in those humane attributes, or qualities, or virtues—whatever one may be pleased to call them—which Paul in another place enumerates as the "fruits of the spirit"—love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

Looked at from either of these points of view, how can we attain spiritual gifts? The answer would seem to depend upon what we are really striving for. If the extraordinary powers of the Adepts have captivated our fancy and fired our ambition, then we must possess our souls in patience. Few, if any, of us are at all fitted for a "forcing" process. We must be content to wait and work; to grow and develope; line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, till, ages hence perhaps, we come to the full stature of the perfect man. If, however, wisely recognizing our limitations, we strive instead after what may be termed the ordinary manifestations of the spirit, two obvious lines of conduct suggest themselves.

Every impulse from above, every prompting of the Divine within, should meet at once a hearty welcome and response. If you feel as though something urged you to visit some sick or afflicted neighbor or friend, obey the suggestion without delay. If the wish to turn over a new leaf comes into the lower consciousness, don't wait till next New Year's before actually turning it over; turn it now. If some pathetic story of suffering has moved you, act on the emotion while your cheeks are still wet with tears. In short, put yourself at once in line with the Divine ways, in harmony with the Divine laws. More light, more wisdom, more spirituality must necessarily come to one thus prepared, thus expectant. How can a bar of iron be permeated with the earth's magnetism if it is placed across instead of in line with the magnetic meridian? How can a man expect spiritual gifts or powers if he persists in ignoring spiritual conditions, in violating spiritual laws? To obtain the good, we must think good thoughts; we must be filled with good desires; in short we must *be* good.

And this practical suggestion is to fulfil faithfully and con-

scientiously every known duty. It is in and through the incidents of daily life, in work well done, in duties thoroughly performed, that we today can most readily make progress in the higher life,—slow progress, it may be, but at any rate sure. These are stepping stones to better things. We advance most rapidly when we stop to help other wayfarers. We receive most when we sacrifice most. We attain to the largest measure of Divine love when we most unselfishly love the brethren. We become one with the Supreme most surely when we lose ourselves in work for Humanity. Dies Non.

(The foregoing article was first printed by Mr. Judge in the *Path*, for February, 1889.)

MAN, KNOW THYSELF

THE above words are familiar to most men, and to most have but little meaning. Centuries of dogmatic theology with the subsequent admixture of an equally dogmatic materialism, have befogged the perceptions of humanity to such an extent that the average intelligence is but little better than a rationalized animalism. Exceptions there have been and are, and these are rapidly increasing, for on all sides there is shown a desire for knowledge other than that which has prevailed, as witness the many speculative systems of thought of the day.

But, when we consider these in all their bearings, are we any the wiser, any nearer a solution of the problem of life? We must sadly confess that we are not, and so confessing endeavor to console ourselves by saying "No one knows," "No one can know."

May it not be that we have not sought far enough, or confined our search within a narrow range? It must be so. For when we consider the conquest that Man is making in the material world, the untamable, untiring search in that direction with full hope and expectation of results, is it wise to assume that any door is so closely sealed that we may not open it? Other ages have not thought so; there are many records of their achievements, which have been preserved for us by those who have sought and found; not only preserved but promulgated far and wide under the name of "Theosophy." It is this body of knowledge, and this alone, which furnishes the solution that mankind needs.

The words "Man, know thyself," immediately give rise to the question "What is man?" Is he his body? No, for that is constantly changing; it is formed from food, sustained by food; he is the same person through all the changes. Is he then his Mind? Again we must say No, for a man can change his Mind; he does change it as he sees necessity for such change, and with every change, no matter how great or how extended, the Man remains with power to further change his instrument the Mind.

By this process of elimination it is seen that Man is not his body; he is not his mind; indeed the possessive pronoun "his" tells the story did we but apply our logical faculty. What then is Man? Have we any word or words in our language that will give us an understanding? We speak of Soul, Spirit, Consciousness. Can we describe them? They are indescribable. Many deny Spirit and Soul, but no one can deny Consciousness, so we may take that word as comprising all that Man is. There is a very old book which says "The Soul (Consciousness) is the Perceiver, is vision itself pure and simple, and it looks directly on ideas." This accurately describes it; Man is the "Perceiver," is Consciousness, Life, Spirit, for these three in essence are One. All experiences, down to the slightest sensation "we" must be conscious of or they are not known; so it comes to this, that the Real Man is Spirit, Life, Consciousness and immortal, and that his instruments of Mind—composed of the ideas he holds in regard to life,—and the Body—which expresses those ideas,—are the ever changing and mortal constituents of His being.

The question naturally arises; "If Man is Spirit and Immortal, why are there so many different kinds of men and minds?" All beings have one thing in common, namely *the power to perceive*, call it by what name you will, Spirit, Life or Consciousness; from this all force and forces flow as the lower instrument the Mind directs; the Mind of each being is made up of the ideas held in regard to existence, and bodily action is guided by these ideas. Each being holds a bundle of ideas in regard to life, and this bundle he calls his mind; he acts in accordance with them, and as there are many conflicting ideas or sets of ideas held, so there are what we call differing minds and actions. The difference is not in the Real nature of Man, but in his instruments, the chief of which is his Mind.

An ancient writing says; "For Mind is like a mirror: it gathers dust while it reflects. It needs the gentle breezes of Soul-wisdom to brush away the dust of our illusions." Soul-wisdom is a realization of our Real, permanent, immortal nature: the Mind has to be turned inward, for *realization comes from dwelling on the thing to be realized*. Experience of every kind is a conscious realization: so immortality has to be realized in consciousness. This cannot be done as long as the idea of separateness is held. Theosophy is the philosophy of Unity: this has to be understood as meaning all that the word Unity implies. It is not unity here and diversity there but unity throughout. There is but one Supreme Self: each being should act for and as that Self, for the Self acts only through the beings. We must see the Self in all things and all things in the Self: as we think and act from that basis a greater and greater realization dawns upon us. "The Self of Matter and the SELF of Spirit can never meet. One of the twain must disappear: there is no room for both." This means that the idea of Self as being based on the ever-changing conditions of Matter can never bring true knowledge: we have to realize a conscious existence in Spirit, not in Matter.

To really know ourselves we have to first admit and then to realize that we are in fact Spiritual beings using a mind and body, these latter the products of evolution and amenable to change under law as the Spirit or Soul of Man directs. So as human beings our work is with our Minds; to adjust them in accordance with our real nature and the basic nature of all beings. We have to see that all spring from One great Source and that all are travelling towards One great Goal, and that the Path differs in accordance with the Mind of the pilgrim. Once we see this, we begin to correct our basis and modes of thought to conform to the ideal progression of humanity, and do our part towards a realization of Universal Brotherhood. Theosophy is in the world for no other purpose than to aid.

OF INTEREST TO THEOSOPHISTS

[FROM THE LONDON EXPRESS, MAY 9, 1913]

MRS. BESANT LOSES HER CASE—TWO BOYS TO BE GIVEN UP TO THEIR FATHER

STRANGE ALLEGATIONS

Madras, April 16.

Judgment was delivered in the High Court yesterday against Mrs. Annie Besant, president of the Theosophical Society, in the suit brought against her by Mr. G. Narayen Iyer for the custody of his two sons.

The latter, Krishnamurthi, aged seventeen, and Milayananda, fourteen years of age, are at present studying at Oxford, whither they were taken by Mrs. Besant.

Mr. Iyer explained that his action was based on his dissatisfaction at the moral influence which had been exerted over his sons by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, to whom at the advice of Mrs. Besant their education had been entrusted.

Mrs. Besant submitted a written reply to the allegations against Mr. Leadbeater, which she alleged had been made from political motives and from personal malice because of her efforts to inspire the students of India with loyalty to the Empire.

Mr. Leadbeater, on being cross-examined, said he had been engaged with Mrs. Besant, who had spoken of him as "a man on the threshold of divinity" in psychical and clairvoyant experiments, and he characterized the allegations made against him as atrocious falsehoods.

He admitted that he had given the boys certain counsel to which objection had been taken by their father. He had, however, merely given them that advice to enable them to escape the effect of certain thought forms and astral influences, but in deference to Mrs. Besant's wishes he had agreed to discontinue it.

Mrs. Besant, who conducted her own case, said she took the boy Krishnamurthi to England to train him for the spiritual leadership of the world. Krishnamurthi, she declared, was a religious enthusiast, and she separated him from his associates and removed him from his environment so that his life might not be endangered by his being suddenly roused from his trance.

Mrs. Besant appealed to the court not to order the restitution of the boys to their father. She pointed out if that were done the inference would be that the father's terrible allegations were true. In that event the boy Krishnamurthi would be irretrievably ruined, and once back in India he would become a social outcast.

Mr. Justice Bakewell, in delivering judgment, held that, while the serious charges against Mr. Leadbeater had not been established, the evidence showed him to be a person who was wholly unfit to be in charge of the boys.

The father, his lordship concluded, had every right to take back his sons, notwithstanding his deed transferring their guardianship to Mrs. Besant.

That the boys were now outside the jurisdiction of the court was of no consequence. They were subjects of the King-Emperor and were temporarily resident in England. The court had every right to pass orders as to their custody.

The English court would no doubt assist the Madras High Court in the execution of any process which it might be found necessary to issue in the enforcement of its orders.

His lordship accordingly directed Mrs. Besant to hand over the boys to the plaintiff before May 26th.

ON THE LOOKOUT

Why is it that so many minds have a direct perception of so much of Theosophic truth and yet seem to lack the power to follow the light wherever it shall lead them? Take, for example, the volume on "Immortality" from the pen of Charles Carroll Everett. Here we have a definition of mysticism that need not give place to anything of its kind either for the clearness of its vision or the lucidity of its expression:

> The word "mysticism," whenever properly used, refers to the fact that all lives, however varied may be their conditions and their ends, are at heart one; that they are the manifestations of a common element; that they all open into this common element and thus into one another. Merely philosophical mysticism calls this common element by one name or another according to the nature of the system. Religious mysticism finds this common element in the life of God. Mysticism, then, is the recognition of the universal element in all individual forms; religious mysticism finds everywhere the presence and power of the divine life.

Mysticism, continues the author, "expresses the profoundest fact of our being." All the greatest thinkers and seers of the world have been imbued with it. It accompanies most forms of genius, and the great religious founders have received from it their sublime inspiration. But if there is a "universal element in all individual forms," and if individual forms are subject to change, decay, and disappearance—as obviously they are—then we must suppose that this universal element seeks other forms, in other words reincarnates, and that the ever-varying forms are but progressive vehicles or advancing modes of expression of this same "universal element," which is the one life of the world. Evidently the author has his hand upon the thread that would carry him to the heights if he would but follow it. And if we may somewhat amend his manner of presentation it may be suggested that it is not great powers of thought, or genius, or seership, that produce the mystic temperament, but the mystic temperament and contemplation that are the cause of all these phenomena. A recognition of the one life of the universe is the Jacob's ladder of consciousness. It reaches from earth to heaven.

There are many evidences, says Mr. Everett, of the inner relation between life and life, and of the identity of all life. Of these one of the most ordinary is friendship, while among abnormal evidences we have some of the phenomena of mediumship, where "the life of the medium is invaded by some external personality." Then again there is the power of prevision, which seems an attribute of mysticism, and that often accompanies genius. It supposes the "future as already existing," and embraces past, present and future in an eternal now. Of this we have an example in Abraham Lincoln, who for years —so Lamon tells us—"was haunted by an impression that he was set apart for the execution of some great work, and that he should fall in the accomplishment of it." There are, of course, innumerable stories of a like kind that have been told of other and of lesser men. If our psychic researchers would give to them one tithe of the attention that they devote so enthusiastically to their astral slumming excursions and their miniature Brockens they would at least gain some working hypotheses of the human soul.

A certain Mr. Jacob, hitherto unaccountably unknown to fame, has brought an action against the Nizam of Hyderabad for the restoration of a gigantic diamond, or for its equivalent value in cash. The quarrel is of an ordinary and sordid kind, and without any claim upon attention here, but for Mr. Jacob's extraordinary assertions as to his own importance, a fact that might easily be overlooked but for those assertions. He claims to be the original of the hero of Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs" and of Lurgan Sahib in Kip-

ling's "Kim." He also announces that he "taught the late Madame Blavatsky more about occultism than she had ever dreamed of."

We must be permitted to express our doubts. An indifference to worldly possessions—even to diamonds of fabulous size—may be described as the kindergarten stage of an occult education, and therefore it is to be feared that Mr. Jacob, so far from being a teacher of occultism, is wholly ignorant even of its alphabet. It may be added incidentally that a somewhat full acquaintance with all that is known of Madame Blavatsky's career fails to disclose any trace of Mr. Jacob's benign intervention in that career. Mr. Jacob has leave to amend his plea.

Mr. Arthur Babillote, who writes an introduction to "Zones of the Spirit" by August Strindberg, says that the great Swedish dramatist was once asked for his opinion regarding the Theosophical concept of Karma and he replied that it was impossible for him "to belong to a party which denied a personal God." The objection seems to be inadequate, since even those who believe in a personal God may still accept the idea of Karma, and we may therefore suppose that Strindberg misunderstood the question or that his reply has been incorrectly conveyed.

It is at least certain that his book is full of Theosophical references, and usually they are in terms of approval. Thus under the heading, "The Art of Life," we find the following:

> The teacher said: "Life is hard to live, and the destinies of men appear very different. Some have brighter days, others darker ones. It is therefore difficult to know how one should behave in life, what one should believe, what views one should adopt, or to which party one should adhere. This destiny is not the inevitable blind fate of the ancients, but the commission which each one has received, the task he must perform. The Theosophists call it Karma, and believe it is connected with a past which we only dimly remember. He who has early discovered his destiny, and keeps closely to it, without comparing his with others, or envying others their easier lot, has discovered himself, and will find life easier. But at periods when all wish to have a similar lot, one often engages in a fruitless struggle to make one's own harder destiny resemble the lot of those to whom an easier one has been assigned. Thence result disharmony and friction. Even up to old age, many men seek to conquer their destiny, and make it resemble that of others."
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> The pupil asked: "If it is so, why is not one informed of one's Karma from the beginning?"
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> The teacher answered: "That is pure pity for us. No man could endure life if he knew what lay before him. Moreover, man must have a certain measure of freedom; without that he would be only a puppet. Also the wise think that the voyage of discovery we make to discover our destiny is instructive for us.

And again when Strindberg is considering the question of human fate he uses the following suggestive illustration with regard to those who are deformed or crippled:

> But woe to the man who ridicules anyone marked out by such a fate. If he is persistently pursued by calamity, or struck himself by a greater misfortune, one can hardly ignore it by using the formula "chance." A person who had scoffed at a blind man was struck in the eye by a stone which was thrown into a tram car. At first he was alarmed, and thought of Nemesis. But when he heard that the stone that had been so hurled was the result of some blasting operations, he became cheerful, i. e., more ignorant, and said it was a chance. He saw the phenomenon, but nothing behind it; the effect, but not the cause.
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> The "Beans" cannot see beyond their noses. Sometimes when they have long noses, they see somewhat further. The supernatural in nature is incomprehensible to their intelligence. Indeed, all which passes their limited understanding is for them supernatural. That is logical, but these rustics regard it as illogical.

Elsewhere Strindberg advances the idea of reincarnation as explaining those undeveloped human beings whose proximity to the animal kingdom is so close that they know nothing of the Soul and deny its immortality. He says:

> Thus Darwin made it seem probable that men derived their origin from animals. Then came the Theosophists with the opinion that our souls are in process of transmigration from one human body to another. Thence comes this excessive feeling of discomfort, this longing for deliverance, this sensation of constraint, the pain of existence, the sighing of the creature. Those who do not feel this uneasiness, but flourish here, are probably at home here. Their

inexplicable sympathy for animals and their disbelief in the immortality of the soul points to a connection with the lower forms of existence of which they are conscious, and which we cannot deny.

Strindberg refers also to the post-mortem conditions and admits that he has some personal experience of various planes of consciousness.

The Theosophists speak of the seven planes of the Kama Loka, the condition after death. I will admit that, in certain circumstances, I have lived simultaneously on several planes. This was difficult for me, and still more difficult for my enemies to understand.

The doctrine of reincarnation in particular is constantly referred to in this remarkable "book of random thoughts," and although Strindberg nowhere gives to it his definite adhesion he refers to it always in a way that is at least approving. Thus in speaking of love he says:

According to Plato's doctrine of reminiscence and the reincarnation theory of the Theosophists, one might believe that when two fall in love it is only a meeting again. And all the beauty which they then see around them is the reflection of the memories of some far beautiful land where they have met before, and which they now remember for the first time.

Many Theosophical ideas are to be found admirably expressed in Strindberg's chapter entitled "Painting Things Black." It would be hard to find fault either with the science or the ethics of the following:

Theosophists say that we can create thought forms which assume life and reality. They mean that men can send from a distance evil suggestions which others carry out. Thus criminal romances have never deterred anyone from crime; they have on the contrary given scoundrels bright ideas for new pieces of rascality. I actually know of a society novel which criticised bank and joint-stock company frauds, with the result that such frauds increased. It is as though one let loose demons.

Therefore it is dangerous merely to think evil of men; one may do them evil thereby. But what a supernatural effort is necessary always to see good where so little is to be found. And when we try our best we find that we have played the hypocrite.

On the subject of superstition Strindberg admits that he is unable to give a definition, but he adds:

A sterile intellect calls the highest axioms superstitions, e. g., God, the religious life, conscience. The believing, fertile intelligence on the other hand, calls it superstition when an unbeliever avoids a squirrel, spits when he sees an old woman, or when one wishes him luck, or dares not begin a journey on the thirteenth of the month.

Strindberg begs us not to be too emphatic in our denials of what we do not understand. Act, he says, as though you believed, and then test the belief:

Some time later, in my ordinary life, there happened something inexplicable. Subsequently light was thrown upon this by an experience which Swedenborg refers to his so-called heaven and his so-called angels. Then I began to search and to compare, to make experiments and to find explanations. I came to the conclusion that Swedenborg has had experiences which resemble those of earthly life, but are not the same. This he brings out in his theory of correspondences and agreements. The Theosophists have expressed it thus: parallel with the earth life we live another life on the astral plane, but unconsciously to ourslves.

Elsewhere the author displays an insight into occult law to which many professed students have not attained. He says:

When a young man comes and says he is a free-thinker, say to him: "You lie. You think with your stomach, your throat, your sexuality, with your passions and your interests, your hates and your sympathies. But in your youthful immaturity you do not really think at all, but merely drivel. What is instilled into you, you give out, and dub your wishes by the name of thoughts."

To say that Strindberg was opposed to Theosophy is therefore obviously incorrect. On the contrary, the Theosophical philosophy was constantly in his mind and even though he never avowed himself to be a Theosophist he never hesitated to cite the Theosophical teachings as confirmative of his own ideas and even as authoritative. Possibly if it had been his good fortune to meet with a genuine Theosophy unadulterated with the speculations of a modern egotism falsely calling itself Theosophical, his approval would have been even more emphatic.